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Up and Doing

Up and Doing

To SENECA G. LEWIS—
a perennial wellspring of
inspiration.

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JAN 17 1919

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No. 1.

Up and Doing

BY

C. P. McDONALD

Published by
THE SLATER PRESS
Newark, N. J.

PS3525
.A19U6
1918

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Up and Doing

UP and doing! That's the song that fits the *scheme* of things; hear the *engines* snorting it and hear the *whistles* shrill it. In the hustle, bustle, rustle what a *joy* it brings, shouting: "Here's a niche for *you* to fill—buck up and *fill* it!"

Boilers gurgle merrily and *grates* with life aglow, whirling *wheels* and laughing *looms* and *hammers* hum together. You've been boasting what *you'd* do if you but had a *show, now's* the time to *come across* and slip your galling tether!

Up and doing! Listen, don't you hear the *motor's* song, calling you to *action* and to quit your idle *dreaming*? Hear the *sledges* slugging in a cadence sweet and strong, and the snapping *dynamos* with *progress* daily scheming; hear the *shovels* booming it and hear the clacking *steam*, hear the *turbines* trilling as they pound and pulse the rhythm. Get the *spirit* of the song—forget the dullard *dream*—let your fellow plodders *know* you'll sweat and labor *with* 'em!

Up and doing! Hear it in the *engine room* and *plant*, from the *foundries, factories*, and *workshops* how it rises, telling you on life to take a *new* and *different* slant, mix the game with *muscle, nerve*, and *brains* and win the prizes.

Standing still and *waiting* never got a man a thing, men who count take *action* when *Success* they go awooing. Listen to the world of work—the wonder wheels that sing a cheery *welcome* to the man who's always *up and doing*!

Doing Your Bit

WHEN you have *struggled* and *shouldered* the load of the *job* you have chosen to fill, and you're looking *ahead* for the *turn* in the road but it's *always* "just over the hill," keep *plodding* and *plugging* and *pushing* along, don't stop by the wayside and *quit*, but carry your cross with the snack of a *song*, content to be "*doing your bit!*"

The way may be *long* and the road may be *rough* and *ambition* may seem on the wane, but just bear in mind that the world is half *bluff* in the *game* of catch-penny and gain. Contribute *your* share as you doggedly plod, by backing your *brawn* with your *wit;* the world never tortures a man with a prod when it knows he is "*doing his bit!*"

Just *grin* as you bump the rough edges of life, and whistle a tune of *content*. A fight worth the *winning* is sweetened with strife, and a *scrapper* has naught to repent.

Buck up and *pluck* up and forge right ahead with *backbone* and *muscle* and *grit;* rewards are *potential*, when all's done and said, for the fellow who's "*doing his bit.*"

Enthusiasm

TRY me on *YOUR* job!

I am the greatest of all prerequisites of Success.

I lead to *better* things—the coveted, attainable *prizes*.

It is I who make men *win*—*achieve*—*advance*—become *doers*—take the initiative—the aggressive.

I make the *gray* day a *gay* day—the *dull* day a *happy, snappy* day.

I point the way to *opportunity*—a vanguard of greater mental vigor—of fresh, new inspiration.

I make the present *beginner* a future *winner*.

I force men to *move* from a *groove*—to take *heart* and *start* all over.

I give them the *soul* to win the *goal*—the chance to play the leading *role*.

Men who walk *hand-in-hand* with me, *land* with me—on the top rung with the *victors*.

Without me, they simply fill in—hold down a job momentarily and then—*oblivion*.

I make the *shirker* a *worker*—a performer of big things—an accomplisher of deeds.

I make for efficiency—put the *grit* there to "*git*" there—substitute a *backbone* for a *yellow streak*.

I give the *right* man—the *bright* man—a fund of *pluck* which the failure mistakes for *luck*.

Only the *doubter* is a *flouter*—a *scouter*—who goes unmourned, unsung, unmissed.

The *believer* is the *receiver*—the winner of the better things—the "*gitter*" who *reaps* while the *quitter sleeps*.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *ENTHUSIASM!*

Quit Dreaming

QUIT dreaming and *act*—take a reef in your sails and girdle your loins for the *fray;* it's only the dreamer who steadily *fails* in the *battle* of *business* today.

Cash in on your *actions*—you *can't* on your *dreams*—get back of the wheel with your *shoulder;* the mould of success with material teems, awaiting the skill of the *moulder.*

Quit dreaming and *act* like a *regular* man who is out for the *big* things of life; put trouble and worry and care on the *ban* and rejoice in the *glory* of *strife.* Just follow the *will* when it leads to the *prize,* forget there's a streak known as *yellow,* there's a *song* in the *shower* and *blue* in the *skies* for the chap who's a *deed-doing* fellow.

Quit dreaming and *act*—put the *punch* in the *blow* with the *pen* or the *hammer* or *spade,* the *chisel* or *pickax,* the *brush* or the *hoe,* or the *gun* or the *brain* or the *blade.*

The *dreamers* can dawdle the *hope* of the days and *joy* in the wastage of *chances,* but the *doers* who *fight* for the world and its praise are the *heroes* of *business romances.*

Ambition

TRY me on *YOUR* job!

I send a man home at the end of a long day's work with a *whistle* on his lips and a *song* in his heart.

I make him *long* for the dawn of a *new* day—when he can *plunge in* again.

I make him a *man among men*—whether he swings a pick, drives a truck, keeps books, edits a newspaper, or sells goods.

I lend *solidity* to his *slumbers*—*relish* to his *food*—*joy* to his *journeyings*.

With me as his constant companion, he walks *straight*—his chin *comes out*—his jaws *square*—his eyes *flash* a do-or-die *determination*.

He acquires the *winning punch* that knocks out *Adversity*.

He is neither a spiritually minded *bigot* who decries the commercialism of the age nor a *materialist* sneering at the dreamers—for he knows the world has its uses for all kinds.

I keep the universe *throbbing* and *pulsating* with Hope—needles *flashing*—spindles *humming*—looms *clashing*—hammers *pounding*—steam *hissing*—dynamos *snapping*.

I keep a *perennial song* bursting from the throats of *working* millions.

I make men train for bigger things—those things which the indolent mounte-

banks and lackadaisical *pessimists* have given up *striving* for.

I keep the *yeast* of man's desire *fermenting* in the seething, ever-expanding world of material gain.

I keep alive in the breast of the *plodder* the ever-burning spark of *future mastery*—the irresistible impulse to reach the domain of *leadership.*

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *AMBITION!*

Go Out and Get It

GO out and get it! The *getting* is good today; men *win* their laurels by just *sawing wood* today—not what you *want* to do, do what you *should* today, that brings the bacon *home*, son, every time!

Work for *tomorrow* and thrill with the *fun* of it; no job is *hard* when you once get the run of it. Here is the willing world, *prove* you're a son of it—get to the ladder and steadily *climb*.

Go out and get it—your uttermost *share* of it, don't take the *bluff* and the *guff* and the *dare* of it; *fight* for success to the doors of the lair of it, *grin* at the whacks and the cracks you receive. See the *bright* side in the *strife* of the quest of it; *grapple* each drawback until you've the *best* of it; play the game *square* and meet every behest of it, just as it's played by the men who *achieve*.

Go out and get it! There's *joy* in the spell of it; mix in the *thick* and the *ebb* and the *swell* of it—don't let the *blows* and the *woes* and the *hell* of it keep you from *pushing* yourself to the front.

Rough going, *tough* going, just get the *hang* of it, don't mind the *rush* and the *roar* and the *bang* of it—jump in the *midst* of it, get the full *tang* of it, join with the *giants* who shoulder the brunt!

Perseverance

TRY me on *YOUR* job!
Let me show you the *short cut* out of the *deep rut*.

Let me *prove* that the man who's content to *move* in a *groove* is *tramping* and *tamping* the treadmill of failure.

Try me *out* and I'll get you *in*—right up among the *big men* who are worth while.

Don't stay among the *runts* and *blunts* of the rank and file.

Get up with the *stalwarts* of business—the men who carry their *load* over the *road* of progress without a *goad* and never stop at the way stations of discontent.

Give me a *chance* to help you *advance*—to *walk* with and *talk* with your work.

Let me show you the *ways* to the boss's *praise*—and a frequent *raise*.

And why the long *work day* beats the short *shirk day*.

Put the rowels of *determination* into the flanks of *indecision*.

I want to help you—make you a man *worth much* who works for *all he's worth*.

I'll make you peel off your coat and pitch into the seeming *impossible* and make it a *reality*.

I'll give you the *power* to make a *flower* of results bloom in every weedy *bower* of skepticism.

I'll make you a *David* to all the *Goliaths* of adversity.

I'll give you a mallet of *faith* with which to *crush* and *hush* the exponents of *indolence*.

I'll put you on the *inside*—on the *win side*—of life.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *PERSEVERANCE*.

The Crown

HE kept his eyes upon the *goal*,
Contentment ruled his heart and soul;
He faced hard luck
With *nerve* and *pluck*
And paid the world's exacting toll.
His winning *smile*
Made life worth while.
Each day he did his *level* best;
He trudged along
And sang a song
Of *cheer* while riding on the crest.
Though years of toil brought no return,
Each knock but made Hope's bright light burn
The *brighter*, and his dauntless air
Struck from his life the word "*Despair*."
He bore his load
Along the road
And, though he staggered 'neath its weight,
He smiled to *know*
He had a show
To *win*, and did not hesitate;
And when the world kicked hard and pressed,
He grimly *smiled*, threw out his *chest*,
And *joyed* to know he stood the test,
And treated trouble as a *jest*.
He lugged his burden
And the guerdon
Of *Success* at last came by;
And it *crowned* him
When it found him
With a *fame* that would not die.

Aggressiveness

TRY me on *YOUR* job!

I have *inspired* men—*fired* men —to *extend* themselves and *lend* themselves to reaching the *dizzy, busy* heights of victory.

I have *given* men the *strength* that has *driven* them the *length* of the rough, rutty, but royal road to *leadership*.

I have been a *compass* to their ship of *faith* through the storm-tossed seas o reverses.

I have laid for them substantial *foundations* under their *castles* built in the air.

I have made it possible for *real* men to come out of the *woods* and deliver the *goods*.

I give a man the power of seeing *through things* and seeing *things through*.

I supply the force of purpose that distinguishes the *doer* from the *idler*.

I inspired *Sam Brown* to conceive the *suspension bridge* from a suspended *spider's web*.

For fifty years I was the stand-by of *Galileo* while he worked out and completed the invention of the *pendulum*.

I teach men how to increase their earning capacity by increasing their *efficiency*.

I am the friend of men who have the *nerve* and the *verve* to put their ability to the *test*—who make *mistakes* the stepping stones to *success*.

The man I befriend keeps *moiling* and *toiling* on the *song* side—the *strong* side —of duty.

And he smiles to *know* he has a *show* to *grow*—throws out his *chest*—does his eternal *best*—meets every *test*—treats trouble as a *jest*.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *AGGRESSIVENESS!*

What Are You Waiting For?

WHAT are you waiting for? Why not *go after* the prizes you *think* you're entitled to get? Nothing is gained without tears with the laughter and *ease* is the offspring of *labor* and *sweat*.

Make up your mind *merely waiting's* a blunder; that *action* is what the world calls for today. Roll up your sleeves and *go to it* like thunder and grubstake *yourself* to a *claim* that will *pay*.

What are you *waiting* for? Just look about you and notice the *toilers* who battle the *gaff;* glad when you're *with* them or doing *without* you and, failing, *renewing* the scrap with a laugh; *making* each minute pay *something* tomorrow, or maybe the *next* day, but—*making* it pay; robbing the *future* of man-breaking sorrow by driving their *bargains* with fortune *today*.

What are you *waiting* for? Get into *action* no matter how *hopeless* the "going" may grow; *steep* though the road, let your *efforts* give traction to *deeds* that will carry you up from below.

Do something—*start*—cut the loafing, time-killing, stand in the trenches of *business* and fight; dive deep *today* in the *moiling* and *milling*—you *can't* win on time that has taken to *flight*.

Thrift

TRY me on *YOUR* job!

I am the *key* to personal *independence*.

I am the builder of *self-respect*.

I make it possible for men to avail themselves advantageously of *opportunities*.

You will find me in happy, contented *homes*.

For I make possible a *cheerful* fireside, a *festive* board.

I keep men from the *sorrowing* of *borrowing*—from the *burden* of debt—giving them the *guerdon* of freedom.

I am the unrelenting foe of *poverty*—the nucleus of *prosperity*.

I clear the road ahead of dangerous *pitfalls*.

Men who have *planned* with me *stand* with me for the *advancement* and *enhancement* of business *stability*.

If more merchants played the game with *me*, there would be fewer *failures*.

If more salespeople cultivated me, there would be more *achievers* and far fewer disgruntled *grievers*.

Many men who have ignored me have found themselves below the *deadline* of respectability in the *breadline* of degradation.

I make few things impossible to *diligence* and *application*.

I make the *first* years of man make provision for the *last*.

I bring a *right start* and a *light heart* to the *right sort*.

I make men *tower* in the confidence of *power*—in the fullness of possession.

I make the world a *comedy* of success for those who seek me—a *tragedy* of failure for those who disdain me.

I develop *square* men—*fair* men—*get there* men—*do-and-dare* men.

I crown them with the laurel wreaths of *victory*.

I make them belie the *cant* of *can't*.

I give them the *joy* of *buoyancy*—the *awards* of the *lords* of industry.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *THRIFT!*

Come Across!

COME across with the *best* you have in you, with a *wallop* backed up by a *brain*. Never whine that the *fates* are "agin" you or be so darned quick to *complain;* but pick up the *hoe* and go *grubbing*, just winnow the *gold* from the *dross;* break away from the *droning* and *dubbing*—show the world what you've *got—come across!*

Come across with the *faith* of a *leader*, show your hang-dog *persistence* and *grit*, for the practice of *trying's* a breeder of those things that make a man "*fit*."

Don't *quit* in the race you have started or figure each *failure* a loss; the world is *too small* for *half-hearted* endeavor—brace up!—*come across!*

Come across with the *vim* and the *vigor* that *blessed* you the day of your birth; make the *big deeds* forerunners of *bigger*, for the *doers* inherit the earth.

To the *quitter* black clouds seem the *blacker*, the *buried* stone gathers no moss.

Get out of the class of the *slacker*—show your *mettle* and force--*come across!*

Initiative

TRY me on *YOUR* job!

I keep a man from *standing aside* to let the next best fellow *forge ahead.*

I enthuse him to pick up a *heavy* burden with a *light* heart.

I put him where he belongs—in the ranks of the *winners* who make commercial history.

I force him to say "*I will!*" and forget "*I can't!*"

I transform him from a *runner-up* to a *leader*—from a *slave* to a *master.*

From a *dreamer* of little things to a *schemer* of big things.

I made a man *think* more, *plan* more, *do* more.

Make him *create* new avenues of business—*fight* for the recognition due him.

I make him a *champion* instead of a *trailer*—a man of *mark* instead of a *marked* man.

I supplant *deficiency* with *efficiency*—weakness with power.

I clear a man's heart and mind of *pessimism* and crowd them with inspiration—confidence—determination.

I make him a brother of *man* rather than a brother to the *ox.*

Knock off the shackles and fetters of *inaction* and bring him the shekels of his betters—*in action.*

Load him with happiness—snappiness—scrappiness.

Goad him with vim, vigor, virility, to the vortex of *victory*.

I spur him to clear the *decks* of today of the *wrecks* of yesterday.

To *hustle* and *tussle* with broadened brain and greater man-muscle.

To sense the *cents* and garner the *dollars*.

I am responsible for the success of every *great* man in the world.

I have *won* battles of business, brain, and brawn.

I am the quality that makes a man put his own money back of his own O.K.

I am the creator of *prosperity*—lubricant on the wheels of *progress*.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *INITIATIVE!*

The Dreamer

HE sat at the window and *dreamed* of the day
He would *lead* in the ranks of life's turbulent fray;
Of the time when the world would *stand still* in its whirl,
Aghast, as the flags of Success he'd *unfurl;*
He *dreamed* of the power and glory and might
That come to the men who determinedly fight
The conquests of *now;* and the future, it seemed,
Was rosy and fair as he sat there and *dreamed.*

He *dreamed* of the things that he *some* day would do
When he'd battle with Fate, and would *conquer* it, too;
When he'd *rise* from the ashes of *failure* and face
The dead *dreams* of yesterday's truculent race;
What did he care for the men who had *tried,*
Who had *fought* their life's battle, and, *fighting,* had *died*?
Falling with features toil-riven and seamed!
Ah! They should have waited a little—and *dreamed!*

He *dreamed*—and the years rolled
relentlessly on!
Chance knocked, paused a while, then
forever was *gone!*
He *woke* but to find that the world is
a place
Where *doers*, not *dreamers*, win out in
the race:
He woke to the knowledge he'd *chal-*
lenged his fate
When the grim gods of destiny whis-
pered: "*Too late!*"
And the hope in his eyes that once
fitfully gleamed
Passed away with the ghost of the
dreams he had dreamed!

Energy

TRY me on *YOUR* job!

When troubles *betide* you—when adversity stalks *beside* you—when failures *deride* you—fall back on *me*.

Grant, Adams, Johnson went to the *White House* because they knew my value.

Grant rose from a *real estate agent*, Adams from a *malt seller*, Johnson from a *tailor's bench*.

But for me, Edison would have remained a *train butcher*, Napoleon a *book agent*, Astor a *piano salesman*, Columbus a *wool peddler*.

I am the dividing line between the "*good*" time and the "*saw wood*" time.

I give those who *woo* me and stick *to* me the *seasoning* power of *reasoning* power—the *learning* power that develops *earning* power.

Utilized by men of *brains* today, I make them men of *gains* tomorrow.

I am the weaver of the fabric of *character*—the invisible *instrument* upon which men patiently pick out the tune of *attainment*—the *magnet* that draws the *dollars* of *diligence*.

You won't find me used by the *chap* looking for a *snap*—by the man who *quits* using his *wits*—by the fellow who doesn't *aspire* to climb *higher*—who watches the *clock* and delights to *knock*

—by the *laggard* who joys to *rob* his *job* of what he ought to *put in* it—who won't *pitch in* and *begin* something because he can't see the *end*.

I'm for the *strong-willed, long-willed, song-filled* man—the *hustler*, the *tussler*—the man who can *buck* up and *pluck* up—who can take his *clay* and *mould* it to the satisfaction of those he *moulds for*.

Give me the man who can *measure* with the yardstick of *experience* a goodly margin over and above what he sets out to *achieve*—who *tries* for the *prize*—who has a *mental wallop* in every *brain cell*—who *begins* the day by buying a *set purpose* on *credit* and *pays* for it when the "knock-off" whistle blows with the earnings of *fulfillment*.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *ENERGY!*

Bill Forged Ahead

Bill forged *ahead*. He had no *doubt;*
He *knew* just what he was about.
Gay, but determined, day by day,
"I'll win out *some time!*" he would say.
From early boyhood to the *wheel*
He'd placed his *shoulders* with a zeal
Defiant of each new rebuff—
For Bill was made of *proper* stuff.

Bill forged *ahead* and saw the light
Of *Opportunity* burn bright,
Adown the pathway that he trod,
Content to bide his time and *plod.*
His fellow workers laughed and cried
They'd hear some day that Bill had *died*
From *overwork*. Bill only said:
"*I'm* satisfied!" and forged *ahead.*

Bill forged *ahead*. The knocks and jeers
All fell upon *unheeding* ears,
And finally he won *Success*
Through courage and aggressiveness.
While those who *laughed* and those who *scorned*
Upon life's highway wailed and mourned.
They had the *nerve*, they had the *pluck,*
But what they *lacked* was Bill's great *"luck!"*

Courage

TRY me on *YOUR* job!

—you who say you, too, could *make good* if you but had the other fellow's *luck!*

It was I who stood by *Fulton* when the great *Napoleon* ridiculed his idea of a steam-propelled boat.

I helped the *Goulds* make a hundred million dollars after the *Vanderbilts* had scoffed at the notion of elevated railroads.

I was with *Palissy* when he laid the crude foundation of the porcelain industry. It wasn't *luck* that stood by him while he fed his household possessions to the flames from which *Success* ultimately flashed. It was *I*.

Napoleon, *Alexander*, and *Caesar*, despite their *physical handicaps*, believed in me—and became *great*.

Carlyle, not knowing the meaning of good health, lived up to his motto—"He *can* who *thinks* he can!"

Dante, an exile, a *physical wreck*, gave the world his "*Divine Comedy*."

Fawcett, *Gore*, *Prescott*, *Parkman*—*blind*, all of them—welcomed me—and *achieved*.

I was *Stevenson's* greatest asset during fourteen years of hemorrhages, illness, violent coughing. Had it not been for me, "*Treasure Island*" would never have been written.

If you had the other fellow's *luck!*

It wasn't *luck* that transformed *Socrates* from a commonplace *stonemason* to a great *philosopher*. It was *I*.

I was the friend who helped *Sir Isaac Newton* to greatness from a bookkeeper's stool; who made *Burns* the chore boy, the renowned Scotch poet; *Shakespeare*, the son of a butcher, an immortal; a janitor a Supreme Court Justice.

Were it not for me, *Judge Kenesaw M. Landis* of the United States District Court still would be a newsboy; *Montgomery Ward* would have remained a cooper; *George B. Cortelyou* a stenographer.

I am man's greatest capital—his one indispensable asset.

With me on the job, he *can't* fail; without me, he's *helpless*.

I bring *health, happiness, hope, achievement*.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *COURAGE!*

The Fighting Blood

INTO the maelstrom of *Rosy Thoughts* and into the Valley of *Dreams*
He entered, a youth with a happy heart,
to *follow* life's rainbow gleams;
Ever and ever he looked *ahead* toward
the glare of the beckoning heights,
Toiling and *moiling* through days of
hope far into the fathomless nights:
Alert to the precepts of stern *success*
that thrive in the hearts of men,
Crushed to the earth by the iron hand
of *Fate*, he would *rise* again.
Bruised by adversity, *goaded* by chance,
each day he would grimly smite.
For the blood in his veins was the blood
that *sustains* a man in an *uphill* fight!

Courage was his as he *carved* his path
sans cheers of his fellow men,
Stemming his way through each turbulent day that closed to but *dawn* again;
Shoulder to shoulder with mutable *luck*,
undaunted by *jests* and *jeers*,
He carried his cross with a patience
born of *failure* throughout the years:
Building his castles and seeing them
fall, he builded *anew* and *smiled;*
Sounding the depth of his *pluck* he
knew with faith he was *reconciled*.
Some day *achievement* all-infinite would
dazzle and blind his sight,

For the blood in his veins was the blood
that *sustains* a man in a *fearless* fight!

Year after year as his *fathers* had forged,
he struggled and staggered on,
Over the path of the countless throngs
where his sanctified *betters* had gone;
Out of the smoke of each battle fought
emerging to war *anew*,
For the things *they* had done and the
conquests won were naught to the
deeds *he'd* do!
What of the *failures* of yesteryear, the
wrecks of a long dead day?
Should they serve to *swerve* him and
keep him *back* from the strife of an
endless fray?
Heaven forfend! He would *strive* to
the end with the last of his curtailed
might!
For the blood in his veins was the blood
that *sustains* a man in a *losing* fight!

Thought

TRY me on *YOUR* job.

I am the *source* of the world's best work—the maker of *individuality*—the foundation of *achievement*.

I am the bone and sinew of *accomplishment*—the *locomotion* of *promotion*—the *inspiration* of *elevation*—the spur to *energy*—the *wooer* of the *doer*.

Failure marks the circular path of those who spurn me.

Mind-muscle and *brain-brawn* are born of my cultivation.

I am the synonym of *progress*—of a deed *well done* and a race *well run*.

I make *directors* of *office-boys*—*executives* of *salespeople*—*Presidents* of *rail-splitters* and *deckhands*.

When I am consulted before action nothing is said demanding *retraction*.

I cause men to *act* with *tact*—to *read* the *creed* of the days ahead—to *hold* the *road* when the going's rough—to *reach* the ripest *peach* of reward.

I force men to *assay* the *claims* on *business mines*, *sink shafts*, and *delve deep* for the *nuggets* of *opportunity*—for the *gains* of *brains*—the cumulative *spoils* of uncompromising *moil* and *toil*.

I energize *defeat* with renewed *endeavor*—turn *mistakes* into *earning power*—give the "*get-back*" after the *setback*—the *strongest muscle* for the *longest tussle*.

I am the *breeder* of *leaders*—the *molder* of *winners*—*nutrition* to *ambition*.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *CONSTANT THOUGHT!*

The World

MY boy, it's a pretty *good* world, you'll find,
If you look straight *ahead* and don't look *behind*.
Though it *snows* sometimes,
And it *blows* sometimes,
And you *think* it is flooded with *woes* sometimes;
It's a *glad* old world,
And a *sad* old world,
Or a *bad* old world
When you *make* it so.
But just bear in mind that wherever you go
Somewhere the grand old sun's *aglow!*
Forge *ahead* with a *smile*, my boy,
Make your existence *worth while*, my boy!
Push *ahead*—don't stop—
Though you sometimes drop,
Don't *give up* till you reach the *top!*
"Git up and git"
And a lot of *grit*
Are things that label a man as "*fit.*"
There's a *shadow* here and a *dark place* there,
But you'll find there's *happiness* everywhere
If you *look* for it. Chirk up! Elate!
Rub the word "*Pessimist*" off your slate!
Meet the knocks with a *grin*,
But never give in,
And, sooner or later, you're *bound* to win!

Courtesy

TRY me on *YOUR* job!
I make *good salespeople* of *poor clerks*.

I give a store a *proud name* rather than a *black eye*.

I make *first-time* customers *regular* customers.

When I'm with you, the "boss" puts your name on the mental *promotion lists*, and in due time the *mental note* developes into a *salary increase*.

I change you from one of the store's *necessities* into one of its *best assets*.

I swell your *daily sales* into over double those made *by the person* who gets along without me.

Because of *me*, buyers come to your store with unfaltering loyalty—because of *you*.

I can *make* almost any store—without me, salespeople can *break* almost any store.

When *I* come into a store, *real trade* learns of it—and *poor business* sneaks out the back door.

I have done more to *win and hold* a good paying clientele than everything else in the world *combined*.

And while I'm a store's *greatest asset*, I don't cost anybody a solitary *red cent* —not even an *effort*—I'm absolutely *all profit*.

I can keep a cash register jingling to the tune of "*Prosperity*" every working day of the year.

Ask your boss what *I'm* worth to *him* —he'll answer by saying *you're* worth nothing without *me*.

I'm the best *advertisement* any store—big or small—ever had.

I sell *more goods* than a million written *empty words*.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *COURTESY*!

Success

THERE'S a word of *cheer* for the man with *pluck*,
Who never gives way to an *adverse* luck;
Who never *confesses* that he is stuck,
But keeps on moiling
With *vigor* and toiling,
No matter what *comes* and no matter what goes.
He laughs at the man with a burden of woes,
And *harvests* the crop of *content* that he sows.
His "stick-to-it" spirit eventually grows
On those whom he meets
In the marts and the streets,
And the highways and byways of life; and he greets
With a strong word of *courage* the man who retreats
At the first sign of *failure*, and shows him the way
To work with the *sun* if he wants to *make hay*.
He lives on the *song* side
Of life, on the *strong* side,
And knows not the *wrong* side,
But clutches the *right;*
Tenaciously *clings* till he comes out *victorious*,
Earning his spurs in a struggle most glorious;

Comes back for *more* in each unequal
fight;
Finally *winning* the goal he is after,
Spreading his doctrine of *grit* and of
laughter.

Snap Shots

MY boy, *shake hands* with the World!

It is going to *accept* you only for what you *are*—not for what you *might have been*.

It's going to *exact* a little more than it *gives*.

It's going to *applaud* your good deeds—*condemn* your faults.

It's going to make you *plod* and *plug* for *yourself*—it will lend you a hand only when you *compel* it.

Sometimes you'll get the notion it's *cold—unsympathetic—unresponsive*. Forget it. It returns, *measure for measure*, whatever warmth, sympathy, and responsiveness to its mandates you *put into it*.

When something goes wrong, *grin—dig in*—remember the *pessimist* doesn't *belong*.

You'll find the *happy* man is *sought after* and *rewarded* with the *fruits* of *friendship*.

The World likes a *smile*—a *cheerful* voice—a *pleasant* manner—a *glad* greeting.

It *fosters* the *game* of the man who acquires *strength* with the *muscles* of *self-reliance*.

It *pampers* the fellow who knows *possibilities* are *inexhaustible*—who works with his *brain* and not with his *skull*—

who *dignifies* his *job* with a *fondness* for the *menial* as well as the *sovereign* duty.

The World *admires good intentions* but *pays* only on their *fulfilment*.

It pats on the back the man of aggressive *action* and careful *speech*—who *thinks right* and *does* as he *thinks*—who *profits* from a *study* of the *giant of commerce* and the *ant of industry*—

The man who comes up *smiling*.

My boy, *shake hands* with the World!

The Sticker

THE man who's *liked*
Is the one who hiked
On the rough roadway to *Success* and smiled
A smile of *cheer*
As the *goal* drew near,
Who has plodded *ahead* year after year;
Who never *dared*,
As he forward fared,
To an adverse *luck* to be *reconciled*.
A man like that,
Who's *right*, stands pat
On the cards he's *drawn* in the game of life,
And calls each *bluff*,
For he's built of stuff
That *wins* no matter how fierce the strife.
To him the *victory*, forging along
With an upper lip that is *stiff* and *strong*.
He whistles a *melody*, sings a *song*,
And scorns to *notice* the countless throng
Of *quitters* who pass in a mad retreat;
He has *won* his fight and the triumph's sweet,
For he never has known the word "*Defeat!*"

Think it Over

MY boy, *think well* of the World! If it *owes* you something, it will *pay*—it yields *treasure* and *gains* for every *measure of brains* you contribute.

It *backs up* the man who never *slacks up*—

Who never *asks* about the *tasks*, but *dives* in the *hives* of work for the *love* of it.

It's an old *story*—this *glory* that comes from the *unalloyed joy* of doing with a *smile* the things the other fellow *grumbles* over.

And the World *keeps* its eye peeled for the chap who *cuts loose* from the *leash* of *leisure* and *wallops work* with a *will*—

For the lad who gets out in the *grain-fields* of the *gain-fields* and *reaps a harvest* of *good will* and—what goes *with it*.

The World is *yours*—*to make good* or *fail* in.

It likes to have you *sail* in—drive a *nail* in every time you pick up the *hammer* of *industry*.

It's yours to *get ahead* in or *play dead* in—to be a *bellwether* or one of the meek and mild *mendicant* millions.

Bear in mind, hard *horse sense* and *fidelity* gets you more than *mule mind* and *mutiny*.

The *day's toll* of *application* determines the *elasticity* of the *payroll*.

Be a dynamic *factor*—a star *actor*—in the *drama of dollars*.

Learn the *beauty* of *duty*—the *power* of *purpose*—the *satisfaction* of wading *through*, instead of *over*, what you have to do.

My boy, *think well* of the World!

A Creed

TURN your back on *discontent*,
disdain to notice *worry;*
Grasp the hand of *opportunity*
and hold it tight.
Worry is the thing that *kills*, and kills
you in a *hurry*—
Why struggle in the *darkness* when
the world is filled with *light*?
Disappointment joys to see a man who
is a *kicker;*
Of all the antidotes for *trouble*,
laughter heads the list.
Success some day will crown the man
who's always been a *sticker*,
And thrust the harpoon of its scorn
into the *pessimist*.
Let every life that touches yours derive
some inspiration
And every whack upon the back
return its cherished meed;
The *fruits* of work are not for those who
harbor hesitation,
But for the man with "*do it now*"
forever as his creed.

You'll Win Out

YOU'LL *win out* if you don't *give up*.
When you're called on to drink
some bitter cup,
Drink it and *smile* as a *brave* man
should,
But don't *retreat*:
Life is a game you have *got* to play;
It is not all *worry* and not all *gay*;
Some of it's *bad* and some of it's *good*,
And the *bitter* is mixed with
the *sweet*.
The world is *kind* to a strong man when
He *fights* when he *falls* to *get up* again:
But it has no place for the man who
fails
And stands in his tracks and *howls*
and *wails*.
Never bow down to the *weight* of the
yoke;
Laugh at a *knock* as you laugh at a *joke*.
Cut out the *worry* and cut out the
doubt,
And you'll *win out!*

Smile

SMILE when *luck* is breaking wrong,
Chant a snatch or two of *song;*
Cheerfulness will keep you *strong*
Where *discontent* will fail:
Yours is not the *hardest* lot,
Make the *most* of what you've got;
Smile a bit, for *kicking's* not
A thing that will avail.

Let the *other fellow* frown
Who *admits* that he is down;
You may never gain renown,
But *laugh*, and life's *worth while*:
Laughter makes the heart beat *young;*
The *pessimist* will die unsung,
But *you* can be a man among
Men if you always *smile.*

MY grateful appreciation of the courtesy to reprint these efforts in book form is due the following publications:

Munsey's Magazine, The Argosy, The Railroad Man's Magazine, All-Story Weekly, Power, Business, The Chicago Tribune, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Hardware Age, American Paint and Oil Journal, Grand Rapids Furniture Record, Motorcycle Illustrated, National Hardware Bulletin, American Paint Register, The Clothier and Furnisher.

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